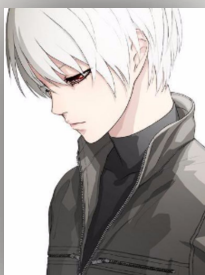




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# Parasite



parasyte

action

mutant

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## Chapter 1 by Phantim

It all started with what he had thought was a simple snake bite. Now Shinichi's life was in total chaos.

/Isn't having super powers supposed to be fun?/ Shinichi couldn't even tell his closest friends about what had happened to him. Not even his parents. Maybe if he had said something about the monsters out there... maybe his mother would still be alive. Shinichi now sat in a vacant park on a an old cracked bench, thinking about such things. You could call it self-pity, but his circumstances were a bit different.

The flesh on his hand suddenly swirled and shriveled into a small mouth which opened, "One of my kind is approaching... no two. Be ready to fight." With that the mouth on his arm disappeared, leaving Shinichi alone again. /Great.../

## Chapter 2 by -



This was ridiculous. How was this even possible?

I looked up and saw a slim, tired looking girl standing in front of me. "I am one of you!" She looked melancholy as she sat down. See more of Story Wars

"You mean, you have one of those..."

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my arm.

She nodded her head yes and put her hand into mine. I was surprised by her forwardness, but somehow it seemed quite innocent. Like she just wanted a friend, someone who understood her, and shared the same problem.

And I certainly did that. But then I remembered the words it had said: "*Be ready to fight.*" What was that supposed to mean? She was only a pitiful, lonely girl.

Or was she?

### Chapter 3 by GuardianAscension



I wait curiously for a response, checking to see if I could trust her or not. For a minute, she just stares at me, confused. "Is something wrong?" she asks.

Her voice is so innocent, so sweet. I recap. There was a hiss in her voice, literally, she just hissed at me. I stand up in attempt to take off, but another hand grabs my shoulder, I turn and see her, how did she move so fast?

I look back to where I was sitting, she was there too! I take a step back, and look fully at what's happening. There's two of them! For a second I start to panic. I take another step back, but trip on a crack in the cement, falling straight on my back. The girls grab my feet and yank me, making me hit my head onto the bench leg.

I growl in return, and I'm about to retaliate, but then I remember... they're girls. How can I just hurt them? I mean, yes they attacked me first. But I can... my train of thought is interrupted when I'm yanked again, this time, pulled up and over one of their heads, hitting the cement again. I cough up blood, then growl again, this time I grab one of the girl's ankles, and pull her harshly down, she hits the back of her head on the concrete, and she cries out in pain.

The other girl, who I'm guessing is either a freaky stalker friend or her twin, shrieks and kicks my gut, running over to the one on the ground. I roll over onto my chest and pull myself up with my arms, slowly. making sure they won't attack me again.

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I ignore it and close my eyes, trying not to think about any of this... nightmare.

## Chapter 4 by Lilah Crawford



I wake up on the cold, rough canvas on my familiar bed and reluctantly open one eye to see the blotchy, mould covered roof and dust covered fan of my room. I sigh and look around. The carpet is a dull frayed maroon, and covered with so many stains I lost count of how many there are. A ancient white closet stands on it's clawed feet, looking like it could fall any moment. After lying on my back for a few more moments, I decide I should get up. I walk into the filthy bathroom and look in the mirror the person staring back. Longish, messy, white hair frames his pale face, a glint of emerald green eyes stand out underneath a set of dark brows. He has an angular face, with a pointed jaw and sharp nose. Greyish scales sit on top of his cheekbones, and a set of pearly white fangs peek out from a set of full lips. A very unusual face. It takes me a while to recognise the person as me. I don't have many memories from my life before now, but I know I wasn't like this.

One day I simply woke up, on that horrid, rough bed, far, far away from my friends and family. At first I spent my days, wandering around, never knowing where to go and always ending up in the same wretched house where I started. But then the mouth appeared. The small black hole above my wrist that guided me. It didn't tell me why I was here, just what I had to do. Attacks like the one last night often happened, and all I could do was fight back, not knowing any other way. I wonder how I escaped this time, the ones who come are usually a lot fiercer than those girls, although I have to admit they had the element of surprise. When I first saw her innocent round face, her golden hair swirling lightly in the wind, I definitely didn't think I would end up on the ground.

Like most days, I am left to wander aimlessly. Wanting desperately to escape from that suffocatingly filthy house, I decided to take a walk.

At the end of the deserted street there is a forest, so I swiftly walk down the cracked concrete and down to the edge of the damp green forest.

Once inside, I let my worries about the girls from last trickle away, until my mind is empty. The sounds of the forest wrap around me, placing me in a trance-like state. The shrill chirp of a bird,

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peeking out from his mouth. But unlike me, his are dripping with dark red blood.

## Chapter 5 by jaiiy



He spoke. "Territus generis tui es?" Latin. For some reason, the words automatically translated into my head. *Scared of your own kind, are you?* "N-n-no... I didn't know... Y-your **fangs**..." I stammered. His upper lip curled up into a mocking smile. "You have much to learn, youngster. But I will show you. Come." I had no choice, I was sure, but to follow. So I did. He strided forward, but then slowed his pace to match mine. We walked ahead in silence for a while, and then we came to an abrupt halt. A small mouth had formed on his wrist! Quickly, I turned my hand over, but to my disappointment, my whole arm was normal. Could there be an approaching threat to him only? "Hey... um... your wrist?" I said, but only to be ignored. He puts his hand in his pocket and completely ignores what the mouth is saying. "Scio." He says. "*I know*." I wait for an explanation. Since we were mutants anyways, why didn't this stranger use his power to his advantage? He sighs, and then I realize he could read my mind as clearly as a book. "Shinichi. We are not mutants. We are experiments. We are lies." Then I heard a surprised yelp, a scream of "TRUST ME!", and  
all  
went  
*RED?*

## Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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